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CIRCUMSTANTIAL

HISTORY

OF

THE TRANSACTIONS AT PARIS

ON THE

TENTH OF AUGUST;

PLAINLY SHEWING

THE PERFIDY OF LOUIS XVI.

AND THE

General Unanimity of the People,

IN

DEFENCE OF THEIR RIGHTS.

LONDON :

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RECOUNTING THE
HISTORY

THE TRANSACTIONS AT PARIS

ON THE

TENTH OF AUGUST

THE PERIOD OF 1801

AND THE

General Unanimity of the People

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REVIEW OF THEIR RIGHTS

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TO THE PUBLIC.

TREASON NE'ER PROSPERS—WHAT'S THE REASON?

IF IT PROSPERS—NONE DARE CALL IT TREASON!

SWIFT.

Audi alteram partem.

IT is reported of a certain judge of anti-quity, that when in the exercise of his judicial function, he used frequently to stop one of his ears; and being asked his reason for so unusual a practice, he said, that *he reserved the other ear for the other party.* A sentiment so liberal in itself, will, no doubt, meet with unreserved approbation; but like many others equally important, it is more generally *admired than practised.*

When the first imperfect details of the events of the 10th of August at Paris,

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reached

reached London, the public mind, shocked with the dreadful picture they exhibited, appeared, for the moment, to revolt from the principles of a revolution, whose progress had been marked with such an outrageous instance of popular vengeance—the widely different manner in which political parties are circumstanced in that country and our own, which do not admit of any parallel, seemed to be forgot; whilst judging of them by ourselves, and referring too precipitately from effects to causes, the majority seemed ready to consign to indelible infamy, and even perdition, the apparent authors of outrages, in themselves confessedly cruel and abhorrent to human nature. All those who, from *interest* or *influence*, *ignorance* or *prejudice*, are enemies to the general Rights of Mankind, redoubled their invectives against those who have in the present day, been most active in diffusing the knowledge of them in the world; whilst the venal prints with as little regard to decency as to truth, exultingly depicted in the worst possible light the events of that day, in order to raise against them the voice
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of general execration, and, in the genuine spirit of party, industriously suppressed every thing which might appear like a justification of the conduct of the people; thinking, perhaps, or affecting to believe with their emigrant brethen, whose fate they so feelingly deplore, that ROYALTY (founded, in general, on the commission of the very crimes it so loudly affects to condemn) implies some sacred immutable obligation, why *nations* ought to devote themselves willing victims to the arbitrary will, caprice, or appetites of a despot, a fool, or a voluptuary.

To repel those insidious attempts---to shew men and things in their true colours---and to wipe away every foul reproach from the French nation in general, now gloriously struggling for all that merits just estimation in life, was the motive which induced the learned and respectable author of the following letter, to publish it to the world, and most cordially entering into the spirit of his philanthropic labours, the

Editor

Editor has been induced to reprint it in the form of a pamphlet.

The treachery and duplicity of the executive power, and intrigues of a faction (properly so called) grown desperate from disappointment, are here unfolded in the most convincing point of view, and the least informed amongst us, if candour guides his judgment, must recant the unfavourable sentiments which from the first *exaggerated* view of the late melancholy events, he may have been led to entertain of the French people, or the present ruling party in that country. We are struck with just horror and indignation at the repeated perjuries of a weak voluptuous man, whom giddy chance has exalted to be a *monarch*, without possessing either understanding to discern, or patriotism to adhere to the interests of his people, from which his own must have been ever inseparable---and equally so at the vile mixture of folly and audacity which leads a few individuals to oppose their private interests and prejudices to the general will and happiness of their country. We see with mingled astonish-

astonishment, resentment, and sorrow, in which ingenuous minds cannot but participate, that all the horrors, all the cruelties of the 10th of August, were but the effects of a just and *necessary* self-defence on the part of the people, to destroy those who were plotting, by one fatal blow, to destroy together both them and the liberty of their country.

In judging of the present contest in France, and indeed of all the political disputes respecting *Liberty* which now convulse that empire, and Europe in general, it is only necessary that the subject should be clearly understood, to bring all mankind into one opinion concerning it; except where interest, influence, inveterate habits, or the pride of vain distinctions overwhelm the benevolent feelings of the heart!—This is evident, from the first origin of the revolution in France; it pervaded not the meanest ranks of society only, but great numbers of the opulent and the powerful—many of the noblesse themselves cordially acquiesced in the new order of things, and by a glorious effort of enlightened

lightened benevolence, cheerfully sacrificed the empty gewgaws of aristocracy to merit the most substantial and only noble distinctions of a *patriot* and a *philanthropist*: their conduct was not influenced by intrigue, by menace, by confiscation, or proscription, but merely by *the conviction of what was right*, to which they nobly resigned themselves: nor would the revolution have been stained with those proscriptions and executions, (the consequences of tyranny) had there not been found even in France itself, men who are blind and base enough by the most ruinous schemes of intrigue, to plunge their country into all the dire miseries of civil and foreign war, rather than part with any of those partial privileges which were judged by the nation at large incompatible with the *general good*, or be deprived of the despicable pageantry annexed to what has hitherto been called *nobility*.

Such has been the origin of the late internal struggles, and of the present foreign attack which lays waste the frontiers of France;

France! The recreant noblesse and clergy feeling themselves to be but a contemptible minority, utterly unable to oppose the general will of the nation, have had recourse to the most criminal intrigues, in order to engage foreign powers against their country, not (it should seem) with a hope to re-establish themselves in their former plenitude of power and affluence (for that *in the nature of things is altogether impossible*), but to gratify one of the most base passions of the human heart---*a thirst for revenge*, disguised under the plausible terms of honor, loyalty and truth!! as if it was not evident to the whole world, however private views may induce a partial neutrality of sentiment, that true patriotism can only consist in cheerfully sacrificing our local or particular interests to the general welfare of Society!

And here one is naturally led to advert to the long and labored manifesto published by the foreign despots, who are now desolating the fertile provinces of France, in order (as they tell us) by the *mild and benevolent* doctrines of *fire, sword, and indiscriminate*

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minate plunder, to compel the people at large to disavow their present opinions, and to bow down in implicit submission to the mandate of their supreme will : such is the arrogance of uncontrouled power, and such are the means of conviction resulting from the " PATERNAL" authority of kings, as they term it ; but, unhappily for them, *persecution* has ever defeated its own purpose ; and the cause of *liberty*, like that *religion* to which it is allied, will flourish under coercion, and eventually triumph over all opposition.

A *manifesto* is but a sort of *ceremony*, which the etiquette of courts has established as a necessary prelude to every hostile attempt of one power to seize the *wealth*, or destroy the liberties of another : in fact, it is no better than " a tale of a tub ;" and means nothing more than to amuse those who have not capacity or freedom to judge for themselves, with specious pretences of justice, order, and security of general rights, whilst their own conduct is the direct perversion of every moral or equitable principle.

ple. The fact is, that the justice and morality of princes center only in themselves, and they will willingly allow mankind at large no more of it than consists with the interest of their despotism :---To prove this, we need only advert to the wanton dismemberment of Poland, in which (as notoriously known) their Apostolic and Prussian majesties, who now thunder so loudly in defence of that sacred political non-entity, which they call JUSTICE, by virtue of a *manifesto* only, which nobody had *power* to gainsay, seized on some of the most fertile provinces of that devoted country, thereby proving beyond all power of argument (what is equally evident in their attack of France) that it is not JUSTICE, but *power*, which SANCTIFIES ALL OPPRESSION.

To effect their views against France, they have endeavoured first by specious reasonings, false in their very principles, to impose on the nation at large, the belief that they are now under the government of an unprincipled faction, whom (in the absence of better arguments) they load with the

grossest calumnies and the vilest epithets ; and whilst they *pathetically* enlarge on the thousands who have *there* lost their lives in the present struggle for freedom, they affect to forget the tens, nay *hundreds of thousands* which in all ages have been immolated on the shrine of Despotism. And what else are the thousands of Prussian and German troops, who will doubtless find an untimely grave in France, before the decision of the present fatal contest, but blind victims to the ambition of their lordly masters, who lead them into a foreign country *to suffer and to die*, in a quarrel with a people whom they know only by name ; and for no *real* object whatever, but to establish the glorious "*paternal*" authority of kings, to rule with unbounded dominion over the lives and property of millions, whom nature made their equals ; or (according to our celebrated Mr. Burke) to establish their right to reign "in contempt" of the rights or opinion of their subjects ?

Let us not be deceived by empty sounds ; the term "Faction" so opprobriously applied
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to the present government of France by the enemies of liberty in general, if it means any thing more than an expression of their own inveterate lust of power (to gratify which they would apparently depopulate and destroy one half the universe) the application of it recoils with added weight on themselves. *Faction* means (beyond controversy) nothing more than an opposition to the established government of any country. In that sense the present government of France, as opposed to the former, may be called a faction; and America was equally a faction *till it triumphed*. Even the party in our own country, which brought about the last *glorious* revolution (without which we should ourselves have lost even the shadow of liberty) was but a *faction*, till the attempt was crowned with success, and then *the power which established, sanctified the deed*: thus we, their posterity, (even with the approbation of Mr. Burke himself,) deservedly celebrate the anniversary of that day, which if kingly power and prerogatives had not *been resisted*, would, probably, have doomed both them
and

and us slaves to kingly and priestly tyranny to the end of time.

My fellow Countrymen !----let us trace things to their source----let us go back to first principles, and we shall perceive that if mankind have in all ages been more or less the dupes or the slaves of political priestcraft or arbitrary power, it is not because God or Nature has bestowed on any individual family of the human race, any pre-eminence of mental or bodily powers; but that it is a misfortune arising out of the native *ignorance and weakness* of human nature---the lust of dominion in some, and the local or political interests of others have been combined to erect on this basis, the *Babel* of their own power, in opposition and in prejudice to the general and *inalienable rights of man*. A crown or splendid diadem has hitherto been the usual insignia of royalty; but it has ever been accompanied with the sceptre or sword, equally denoting to what it owes both its support and origin.--We have, however, great reason now to offer up our fervent acknowledgements to the
supreme

supreme Source of all wisdom and power, not only that France will probably triumph over all foreign and domestic foes, and be emancipated from civil and religious tyranny, but also, that by the general diffusion of knowledge, the political mists are fast dissipating, which have hitherto obscured the minds of men in general;---their natural and political rights are at this time clearly understood; and whilst every good man feels and owns his conviction of the necessity of government, yet we have reason to exult in the near prospect of its being hereafter founded on *general* and not *partial* principles, and calculated not to gratify the pride or ambition of *one* or a *few*, but for the general and equal happiness of *all*.



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A
CIRCUMSTANTIAL
HISTORY, &c.

To the EDITOR of a MORNING PAPER.

PARIS, HOTEL D'YORCK, AUG. 22, 1792.

SIR,

NOTHING could equal my surprise and my sorrow at seeing the accounts given in papers of Wednesday and Thursday last, of the events which took place here on the 10th August. I had hoped, whatever mistakes for the moment other papers on the side of general liberty might have fallen into, the superiority of your intelligence, the knowledge you have of the parties and politics of this country, together with the habitual and constant attachment which you have always shewn

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for

for the cause of Freedom, would have led you to hesitate, before you pronounced with so much confidence and precision.

I do not mean to arraign the veracity of your correspondent, but I cannot help observing, that neither his statement of the facts, nor his prior and subsequent observations, have any very positive relation to the truth of things; as I can easily suppose that his other occupations at that time, of the fatigue of which he himself complains, must have prevented him from viewing this great event on all its sides, or on the side that he ought.

Surely by this time you will have seen the error you have inadvertently fallen into. Instead of the horde of banditti, taking advantage of local and temporary weakness to ravage and destroy—you will here behold, “ a great and puissant nation, like the strong man after sleep, rising once more and shaking its invincible locks.” Instead of insulted royalty and injured innocence, you will see a perjured monster—cowardly retreating from the danger he had provoked, whilst he exposed comparatively guiltless men to certain ruin; and instead of the boasted defender of this boasted constitution—you must be amazed at the impudence of his claims, and the extravagance of his
treasons.

treasons. You know how the civil list was employed at Coblenz. You know, probably, that 160 millions, in addition, have been borrowed from men now ruined, and employed to the same and other infamous purposes. You know the kind of communications kept up between the emigrants and the castle; and you have heard that the *Comité de Surveillance* have yet such damning proofs, as in the present state of affairs they do not think it proper to bring forward. Indeed, my dear friend, you have been strangely misled; and had I the ear of your correspondent, whatever claims to superiority of information he might have, I think I could put him in the way of attaining better.

I will not trouble you with any correction of his statement of the transactions of the 10th, which I believe I saw more of, except what happened in the Assembly, than himself; but I send you the account given of it in the *Revolution de Paris*, to which I have added some observations of my own; which sheets, when you have perused, if you think it worth while, I will be much obliged to you to inclose under cover of some Member to, &c.—

HISTORY of the TENTH of AUGUST, 1792.

THE decree of Wednesday, which acquitted La Fayette, had excited public indignation; and the general discontent was carried to its height on the morrow, by the tardiness of the National Assembly in examining the question for deposing the King, at a time when there was not a moment to lose, and in neglecting to sit during the night. The fermentation increased every instant in the most alarming manner. Petion (1) had declared to the Assembly, that he could answer for the tranquillity of the city only till midnight. Beside it was publicly known, that a plan had been formed to sound the alarm at that hour, and to repair to the Royal Palace, which, by an insidious proclamation, and additional hostile precautions, had become more than ever suspected: for the *Proces-verbal*, instituted to enquire into the King's conduct, had not added to public confidence. The Municipality had published this enquiry, but refused to answer for consequences. It was known that the Court had thrown open its doors,

(1) I saw Petion in the morning of the ninth, who congratulated me on my arrival in Paris at this moment; but I had no idea of what was to happen in the next. I scarcely believe that he himself was in the secret of the attack, though he observed, that a great event was approaching.

doors, at the requisition of the magistrates, merely to conceal its flight ; and this flight the people on Friday were determined to prevent. The palace was found full of trunks and preparations for travelling.

The alarm bell was rung and the drums beat at midnight (2) in various sections, and principally in the Fauxbourgs Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau.—The men of Brittany and Marseilles first made their appearance, but were not long without companions. Many of the citizens ran to arms, and to the guard-houses, while others repaired to the common hall, where the Council-General was assembled. Petion was absent. The insidious Louis had sent for him to the palace, to provide, as he said, for the public safety. But the Mayor did not return, and his absence caused uneasiness, which the Municipal Officers found it difficult to calm. Many left this place and went to the National Assembly, where various members,
awakened

(2) I walked through the principal streets near the Thuilleries till one o'clock this morning, but saw not the least appearance of a tumult. The alarm-bell was sounding, and the drums beating, but every thing else was still as death. I could not help observing at the time, that the intention seemed rather to be to form a riot than to quell one.

awakened by the alarm bell, already were sitting, and messengers were dispatched to the remainder. Petion not having yet left the palace, and a sufficient number of members being present, a decree was obtained to oblige the palace to release its prey. The mayor at length appeared, and was conducted to the common-hall. The streets were yet calm, and almost deserted, except by several strong patrols of pike-men and musketeers. A false patrol of more than thirty men, commanded by Carle, was discovered and surrounded. Eight of the soldiers and their chief were put to the sword, and their heads the next morning were borne about on the ends of pikes. Their bodies lay during the morrow in the Place Vendome, where they had fallen.

Another false patrol, two or three hundred strong, with cannon, kept in the neighbourhood of the French theatre all night ; this was to have joined a detachment of the battalion of Henry IV. on the Pont-neuf, and to have marched and slaughtered Petion, and the men of Marseilles, encamped on the Pont St. Michel. The acting Sections decreed that the Mayor of Paris should remain in the Council-hall, with a guard of four hundred citizens, who should be responsible for the life and liberty of this worthy magistrate.

Nor

Nor was this all; Mandat, Commander-General of the National Guard, had insulted M. Petion in an odious manner, as he was passing from the Thuilleries to the National Assembly; for which Mandat was immediately arrested and sent to prison. Santerre was appointed his provisional successor, and the chief officers were likewise re-elected. It is necessary to remark that the former Municipal Bodies, and the Commons, Petion, Manuel, and his colleague excepted, had just before been renewed by general consent.

While these firm and prudent measures were taking, armed citizens of every class assembled in small detachments, and arranged themselves; for their commanders were not present. The insurrection became universal: battalions were formed preceded by their cannon. The battalion of Henry IV. appeared desirous to quit the common cause, and went so far as to point a part of its artillery on the Rue Dauphine, and the quarters of the men of Marseilles; and so great were the interests that occupied the people, that they were scarcely noticed. The Place du Caroufel already was filled, where the men of Marseilles first arrived, marching through the Rue Saint-Honoré.

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The court did not think proper to wait till the citizens were all assembled. Louis XVI. whom we no longer can call the King of the French, was not gone to bed. The evening before many carriages had been remarked in the palace yard, and the night had apparently been passed in planning some mode of defence, or rather of retreat. Petion had been detained from his post as long as possible, so much was his influence over the citizens dreaded. The grenadiers and chasseurs had been commanded to guard the palace : the latter exercised themselves all night, muttering between their teeth, " Let them come, the b****, we'll give them a warm reception," and mentioned the *fansculottes*, the men of *Marseilles*, and the *Bretons*. The grenadiers, more prudent, waited the break of day to escape, fearing to find themselves between two fires, and occasionally sent emissaries into the *Fauxbourgs* to gain intelligence. At six in the morning Louis XVI. descended into the Court of the Princes to harangue the grenadiers, who bore him triumphantly back to his apartment, crying, *vive le roi*, but deserted their posts two hours afterwards, on the arrival of the people of the *Fauxbourgs*. The gunners passed over with their cannon to the side of the patriots.

Meanwhile a certain number of new crown pieces and a quantity of excellent wine were distributed

tributed among the Swifs, among whom there was a little fear of desertion. The guard was tripled; the King reviewed it in person, and was satisfied. But the 20th of June was not yet forgotten, and the Court determined not to wait the arrival of the people. The King and his Medicis, their children, with the prude Elizabeth, and Lamballe, crossed the gardens of the Thuilleries, which were then shut, in their way to the National Assembly, escorted by the National Guard and all the Swifs, all crying *vive le roi*. When they had safely conveyed their master and mistress to the Senate, the Swifs returned to their posts; but many of the national volunteers, the grenadiers excepted, did not long continue at theirs (3), being offended by a trifling incident, which ought not to be passed over in silence; it is too important, and proves, beyond dispute, that the Court, on its part, had a grand design, and was determin-

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(3) This refers to what is not very publicly declared, but which is nevertheless true, that some battalions of the National Guards of Paris were corrupted, and would, had the prospect of success been on the side of the Court, have joined it. As the affair is now settled, neither the Assembly nor the Commons enquire into the business, lest more severity should be obliged to be exercised than, at this moment, would be convenient. They ought to be named—they are the battalions of the Filles St. Thomas, the Louvre, the Petits-Peres, and Henry IV.

ed " to set all on the hazard of the die." Previous to the arrival of the men of Marfeilles, and the Fauxbourgs at the Caroufel, a large body of citizens had peaceably knocked at the gate of the Court of the Princes, which had been barred up the evening preceding. The Swiss demanded what they wanted—" To enter",—" You must not enter," replied the Swiss, unless you will promise to cry *vive le roi*, and then we will give you *fabres*." This atrocious fact speaks for itself.

Meanwhile the alarm bell, which kept ringing, the heads of the men decapitated borne through the streets, all Paris in arms, and the cowardly, perfidious King, who came to throw himself on the mercy of the National Assembly, together with the firm carriage of the tribunes, inspired so much awe among the Members, that they hastily passed a Decree, moved by M. Vergniaud, for the suspension of the monarch. It was rumoured on the terrace of the Feuillans, at that time full of people, that the King had been deposed: but this was false, he was only suspended. He might be said to be present at the deliberation of this decree, which was soon over, being placed with his family in the box of the news-writers, not being permitted to remain at the bar, and still less by the side of the President. The pretence he made for

for his coming, was a calumny not at that time detected. " I am come," said he, " to avoid a great crime." Conscientious man ! But the people were too merciful to ask any thing more, than that he should be dethroned. The firing of cannon was heard at this moment, which completed the illusion of the *Terrace des Feuillans*. There was likewise an universal clapping of hands, which, said they, is the rejoicing of the public, at the decree which has been passed.

They were soon undeceived by the sight of a man wounded, and the cry of " To arms ! To arms ! We are betrayed ! The Swiss fire upon the citizens ! They have already mowed down a hundred of the men of Marseilles !"

It was but too true. About half-past ten all Paris might be said to be assembled in the Caroussel and the adjacent places, the men of Marseilles in front, who demanded that the doors of the Cour des Princes should be opened. This was immediately done ; they entered, and advanced eight in rank : the Swiss welcomed them, ranged them length ways in several files, and even cartridges were given them in token of friendship. They continued to advance, followed by the battalion of Cordeliers. When they were within ten paces

of the palace, a rolling fire to the right and left, and even across the palace-yard, was made upon them; followed by a discharge of cannon, masked and loaded with chain shot. Near two hundred men fell on this perfidious and unexpected attack. Their comrades retired in good order without disbanding, being sustained by the Bretons: the fire did not cease, to which they alone were exposed for more than an hour; the Parisian battalions not being provided with more than three rounds of powder and ball (4). The Swiss kept up an incessant firing from the barracks, where they concealed themselves after the grand discharge,

(4) The first assault on the building was on the side of the Pont Royal, where the cannon began playing, but without much effect. I was on this side during the whole of the action, which was maintained with wonderful coolness and intrepidity, though the people were much exposed.—There were two or three killed close by me.

After this repulse, unexpected on the side of the citizens, they retreated to the Palais-Royal, where a Milanese nobleman told me he found Mademoiselle Terroin, with a sword drawn, haranguing the people; and after representing to them how much depended on their bravery at that moment, she descended from her chair, put herself at their head, and led them again to the palace, and fought the battle with them.

After the castle was taken, she was the most earnest in saving the prisoners from massacre.—I saw her myself at the head of the troops conducting 60 or 70 to prison.

charge, that they might load their guns in safety, being but little incommoded by the volunteers. At the same time they fired on the people from every window of the *pavillon de Flore*, and from the grand gallery on the Quay. Many citizens, especially women and children, could only avoid the balls by dropping from the parapets into the river. At the same time they fired on the garden side, the city side of the Palace, and from the roofs and vent holes. It appeared as if the word was given to re-act the massacre of Saint Bartholomew: though in reality the 10th of August 1792, was more dreadful than the 24th of August 1572; and Louis XVI. was a very different monster from Charles IX. for Charles, with a blunderbuss, standing on the balcony of the Louvre, while he shot his subjects, exposed himself to reprisals; but Louis, having given money and liquor to the Swiss, reviewed them, and ordered them and his Knights of the Dagger, bravely to assassinate the people from the windows of his palace, not less cowardly than perfidious, went to seek safety under the protection of the National Assembly, and intreated an asylum among the representatives of the nation, which he had consigned to slaughter. A crime like his is unknown to the history of ages. At length, the men of Marseilles and the Bretons, were not alone exposed

posed to the concealed artillery of the Swifs. The cavalry of the national gend'armes, participating the glory of the day, which had otherwise been much more bloody for the patriots, hastened, without hesitation, to attack the barracks, and set them on fire. Forty horse and five and twenty men were left dead. A trumpeter of twelve years old had his horse killed under him, and with the utmost coolness, cut the straps, took off his portmanteau, and went and placed himself in the ranks of the infantry. We are sorry we do not know the name of this heroic boy. The pikemen perfectly seconded the gend'armes, braved the artillery, and were highly useful, when mingled with the musketeers.

The Swifs were driven from their barracks by the fire, and fled towards the Palace. The troops of Marseilles, Brest, and Paris, fired on them as they appeared. Could it be believed? Among them were found many of the National Guards, in their uniform! But the traitors did not escape their just reward. The confusion at first occasioned some unfortunate mistakes. The Swifs had cannon; but ours, perfectly well served by the men of Marseilles, swept away the enemy. The carnage became horrible within the palace, where the cowards that had escaped, joined with the va-

lets of the court, who were likewise armed, and prepared to sustain a combat, which they did not imagine would have become so serious. The vestibule, the grand staircase, the chapel, the antichambers, the galleries, the hall of the throne, and the council-chamber, at once broken in upon by the people, were all tarnished with the blood of the Swiss and the King's valets; they were known by their liveries, and guilty as they were, of the worst of treachery, were treated with pity. The justice of the people displayed itself in all its horror. Every apartment was searched for the discovery of traitors. An Abbé, preceptor to the son of Louis XVI. had concealed eight in his apartment at the bottom of a large press, of which he had the keys. When they came to search his chamber, his embarrassed air betrayed him, and he and they were immolated by the too vindictive people. Nor could the Abbé Bouillon escape, nor Clermont Tonnerre, who was overtaken in the Rue de Seves-Saint-Germain (5). The

(5) There were several abbés and priests among the slain. I had an appointment with one belonging to the Court, at ten this morning; the events hindered me from meeting him at the place agreed on. I found him, however, three or four hours after, extended on the terrace of the Thuilleries, covered with wounds and dead.

The choice spirit of the aristocrates—he to whom the Queen, that she might reward him for having made her laugh at the expence of the patriots, had given a pension of twenty-five thousand livres per annum from the civil list, with the addition of a handsome wife—Suleau, in the uniform of a national grenadier, was discovered, and put to death, as he was watching round the palace. The evening before he had vaunted, that the King might depend on ten thousand men, capable of putting all the Parisians to the rout (6).

Generosity had been lost on the callous hearts of courtiers; with them examples of terror only can prevail. These the people gave: they granted
no

(6) It is remarkable, that after all the preparations made by the Court—after corrupting the Swiss guards, and filling the Palace with those Cavaliers, whose swords, according to Mr. Burke, were to leap from their scabbards to avenge a look of insult towards a Queen of France, that they should have been so lost to a sense of honour, so utterly forgetful of their obligations and their duty, as to suffer a rabble, a swinish multitude, to drive them like sheep before them. Unhappily the poor soldiers were left the victims of the rage of the people. These noble Cavaliers, when they found the mob somewhat in earnest, after exhorting the Swiss to hold out to the last, stole away through distant parts of the palace, particularly through the long gallery of the Louvre, where no person guarded, and saved themselves by flight long before the palace was taken.

no quarter to the inmates of the palace. The Swifs, and others, who had fled to the roof, were hurled headlong down. Some were caught in the out-houses, and some in the kitchens, where all were put to death; accomplices as they were of their master, and estranged from their country. Even cellars were searched, where thousands of torches were found, apparently collected for the conflagration of Paris, when another Nero should give the signal. Nor did they stop here; the fugitives in red were pursued over the garden, into the Elysian fields, on the terrace, into the wood, and through the gardens of the Prince. Nor were the Swifs porters, who opened the gates for the massacre of the men of Marseilles, spared: the sanguinary act did but too deeply merit punishment (7).

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(7) I could not have conceived that it was possible, had I not witnessed it, that there could have been found men so prodigal of life, as those who first entered the garden: after breaking the gates with their cannon, exposed to rolling fire from the windows, without any protection on their parts, they advanced, and after standing the shock of the sortie, which they repelled, they entered the palace, and stormed the staircase, where the slaughter was dreadful. I saw the Swifs at length give way—about 100 first fled, but they were met at the Place Louis XV. and there fell under the bayonets and pikes of the mob.

Sixty Swifs were tried by martial law, and executed before the common-hall. The people went to the house of the Sieur d'Affry, but the courtly Swifs made his escape through the back door of his hotel to the National Guards, who with great difficulty conducted him safely to the Abbey, where he is imprisoned.

Let us leave the palace for a moment for the garden of the Infanta, which was intrepidly scaled by the battalion of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois.— Never was greater ardour beheld. The King's friends, stationed in that part of the Louvre where the war minister keeps his offices, fired upon the people. These savages in black were posted there to make a diversion, and gain merit in the eyes of Antoinette and her King. The Swifs of Courbevoie appeared at the end of the Champs-Elysées, where they were shewn an order from the king to lay down their arms. They obeyed and returned, having had a view of many of their breathless comrades.

The people divided the spoil of the dead, but not by way of cloathing themselves; the fansculottes would have nothing more than each a remnant, as a proof of their victory over the armed valets of the monarch. They displayed the

the same moderation, or rather the same generosity, relative to the rich effects with which the palace was filled. Men with scarcely a coat to cover them brought purses, filled with gold and silver fish, without opening them, the Queen's jewels, the plate both of the chapel and the palace, a hat-full of louis d'ors, assignats, and letters, and laid them all before the National Assembly. Others seized on the treasury of the Swiss, and brought it triumphantly to the same place, while emigrant officers have carried off with them their regimental chests (8).

Much of the furniture and most of the glasses were broken. The wine was not spared, but the most trifling theft was no sooner discovered than punished. One thief taken in the fact was executed in the palace. A hundred other thieves,

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(8) If, amidst scenes so dreadful, one could have ventured on a smile, it would have been to see dirty fellows, covered with dust and blood, reposing themselves on blue silk sofas and embroidered beds, and to hear the pleasantries which their new and unexpected situation drew from them. Whilst some were carrying the valuable effects to the assembly, others of the mob were guarding the rest, and some of those who did not respect the national property, were treated with as little ceremony, at first, as the Swiss soldiers afterwards—when taken they were carried before the Justices of the Peace.

during that day and night and the morrow were executed.

What a spectacle was Paris, and especially the place of action, on the evening of the 10th of August ! Labour and trade were interrupted ; the workshop and the counter deserted. Amid apparent disorder, there was a strong mixture of harmony, fraternity, sensibility, vengeance, generosity, and barbarity ! (9) Every street in arms, yet

(9) The scene was indeed extraordinary ; this description is perfectly exact. The garden of the Thuilleries, which I had seen but an hour before the field of desperate and horrid action (for there was no method in their killing each other,) was now filled with women and children, surveying, with an anxiety, the victims dying and dead ; some looking for a husband, brother, or father, raising up their heads to recognize them, alternately rejoicing and lamenting their fate. One woman was very assiduous in finding her husband ; turning from one corpse to the other, still disappointed, she observed, that though it was not what she sought, *c'étoit un bon patriote*. The citizens took off the dead as they fell, when they could do it in safety.

The Swifs were suffered to remain with the Cavaliers of the palace till the next day, and no spectacle could be more interesting or classic. I imagine Homer must often have been in fields of battle, and surveyed the warriors, he so accurately describes :—if a classic could have divested his mind of its horrors, he must, with Homer in his memory, have highly enjoyed the scene. It was remarked the great difference between the citizens

yet no outrage committed in the streets. But, alas! the citizen was grievously and too often afflicted at the sight of patriots dying or wounded, borne home by their comrades, and followed by their weeping family. Every eye, every step was directed to the palace, which sent forth volumes of smoke. The Caroussel appeared to be a vast burning furnace. In order to enter the palace it was necessary to cross two of its wings, which were reeking in their embers, and to trample either on burning beams or bodies not yet cold. The court of the princes was but another aspect of the same picture; it presented the façade of the palace battered from top to bottom, by the national cannon, some of which still seemed to threaten the too-long abode of royal vice. Here, too, the dead lay strewn. But how describe the vestibule, the staircase, the chapel, and the apartments!—It was horror

not

zens and soldiers, the countenance of the one discovered serenity and triumph, whilst the other bore the marks of dismay and despair. I thought that I beheld this difference myself, and it probably arose from the different modes of death. The citizens fell by the bullets, and the Swifs by pikes, sabres, and other weapons, which inflicted more painful and dreadful wounds. The soldiers were universally lamented the next day, and the general observation was, "*Pauvre gens! ce n'étoit pas vous—c'est l'ouvrage de Louis et Antoniette.*"

not to be exceeded ! Yet even this horror might be endured, by recollecting who had been their inhabitants. The walls and floors were stained with blood ; covered with broken weapons, and the limbs of men, mingled with torn garments, royal robes, velvets worked in gold with fleur-de-lis, furniture broken, shattered vases, bottles distributed to the mercenary executioners of the despot, and dead bodies at every step ! The palace gate leading to the terrace was obstructed by heaps of dead, almost naked, and as if still biting the dust, their hands grasped in rage to have fallen by the sword of the people. Every alley of that noble garden, the admiration of foreigners, and the pride of nature and of art, presented nothing but more dead, and more ; some under the trees, some extended beneath the statues, and others strewn over with grass and the flowers of the garden ; and, to give the last touch to this fearful scene, the wooden barracks of the Swiss all on fire, and the flames lighting those who were loading numerous carriages, brought to take away the dead from the Place de Louis XV. By the side of this scene of horror sat Louis XVI. the author of all these lamentable tragedies, at a well replenished table in the room of one of the committees of the National Assembly, eating and drinking as usual, in the company

pany of his silent and enraged wife; she biting her lips at not having been better seconded in hateful crimes and deplorable guilt (10).

(10) No part of the Palace of the Thuilleries is hurt, save where the cannon struck, and which can be repaired; but the barracks which furrounded it, and which spoiled its appearance, were consigned to the flames, and are levelled with the ground. It is most likely that it will be consigned in future to a Hall for the Assembly, Bureaus for the National business, and Apartments for the Ministers and President of the Republic.

FINIS.

